

# THE MAN HIGHER UP

By HENRY RUSSELL  
MILLER

Copyright, 1910, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

## CHAPTER XVII HATE OR LOVE?

DUNMEADE looked at Bob curiously, but asked no questions. "Certainly your wishes shall be respected," he said courteously. He rose from the table. Bob reluctantly accompanied the others into the library. As they walked through the hallway they heard shouts of childish merriment. At the door of the library they halted to watch a pretty little group, Eleanor sitting on the floor romping with the three children, considerably to the disarrangement of hair and gown, while Mrs. Dunmeade and a maid looked laughing on. Eleanor, flushing slightly, hurriedly rose to her feet, holding the baby. Now, a beautiful woman never appears so strongly to a man as when she has a little child in her arms.

"Come, you children," Mrs. Dunmeade commanded with mock severity, "to bed with you. The youngsters, Mr. McDoo, have the run of the house, you see."

But before the child was turned over to the waiting maid Eleanor, conscious—shall we confess it?—of the charming picture she made, must take him to his father to receive the good night salute. Next Mrs. Dunmeade must pay his homage. Then she looked, hesitating, toward Bob, who stood in the background. As he heard her intent in her audacious smile he felt the blood rise uncomfortably to his face.

"Come," she declared gayly; "you shall not be neglected, Mr. McDoo." She carried the child to Bob and held him up. Bob, with awkward unfamiliarity, extended his big hand toward the mite of humanity. But the

## Makes Rapid Headway

Add This Fact to Your Store of Knowledge.

Kidney disease advances so rapidly that many a person is firmly in its grasp before aware of its progress. Prompt attention should be given the slightest symptom of kidney disorder. If there is a dull pain in the back, headaches, dizzy spells or a tired, worn-out feeling, or if the urine is offensive, irregular and attended by pain, procure a good kidney remedy at once.

Your townspeople recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Read the statement of this Logan citizen.

Mrs. A. King, Sr., 757 N. Fifth East St., Logan, Utah, says: "I know from observation of the beneficial effect of Doan's Kidney Pills in cases of kidney and bladder trouble that they can be depended upon to bring relief. A member of my family took this remedy, procured from Ritter Bros. Drug Co., when suffering from pain in the back and loins and his trouble was soon disposed of. You may continue to publish all I said in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills when I recommended them in 1907."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

## A Household Medicine

That stops coughs quickly and cures colds is Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Mrs. Anna Pelzer, 2526 Jefferson St., So. Omaha, Neb., says: "I can recommend Foley's Honey and Tar Compound as a sure cure for coughs and colds. It cured my daughter of a bad cold and my neighbor, Mrs. Benson, cured herself and her whole family with Foley's Honey and Tar compound. Everyone in our neighborhood speaks highly of it."

Cooperative Drug Co., Agents.

Overlook First Fault. Do not blame the man who makes mistakes, unless he makes the same mistake the second time. — James Oliver.

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch the worse you itch. Try Doan's Ointment. It cures piles, eczema, any skin itching. All druggists sell it.

## A Plain Inquiry.

"Warden, what are most of these men doing here?" "Principally doing time, ma'am."

There's nothing so good for a sore throat as Dr. Thomas's Electric Oil. Cures it in a few hours. Relieves any pain in any part.

little one refused to accept the advances, clinging tightly to Eleanor's neck and regarding the big stranger with frightened eyes.

"Do you know what they say of children's instincts?" she whispered softly, that the others might not hear. Bob flushed even more deeply.

It was a little thing, but it added fuel to the flame of his angry resentment against her.

She gave the child over to the maid. "Children are dear, even if they are hard on one's hair," she laughed as with the inimitable grace which a woman imparts to the operation she replaced the wisps of hair disordered by the youngster's irreverent hands.

When the damage had been repaired Mrs. Dunmeade suggested, "Won't you sing for us?"

"Yes," Eleanor replied without reluctance, real or affected.

As her voice rose and fell in some simple song, chosen, had Bob only known it, to fit his own limited comprehension, his eyes fixed their gaze sternly on the singer. His arms were folded across his chest, each hand gripping its fellow's biceps, as he had sat through the convention when Paul's impassioned voice, appealing to something higher in the audience than the orator himself felt, had found a lodgment where least expected. The easy unconcern with which he had taken his place among these people fell from him. Here in the somber old library, fragrant with memories, in the presence of the gentle soiled Dunmeades, listening to the beautiful, cultured, well-poised woman who was singing—here was no place for him! "Let me get back to my heels and my fighting, where I belong!"

Murchell rose to leave. First he held out his hand to Bob.

"No use coming with me. Your train isn't due for two hours yet. My friend,



THE LITTLE ONE REFUSED TO ACCEPT HIS ADVANCES.

you won't regret tonight. You'll hear from me in a day or two."

To Eleanor he said: "Thank you for your singing. It has done me great good—and to know you too. I repeat, you are a very beautiful young lady and as good as you are good to look at, I'm sure. My dear, I'm an old man!"—and he bent over to kiss her. A very becoming flush came to her cheek.

"You two can take care of each other for a few minutes, can't you?" Mrs. Dunmeade said to Eleanor and Bob. "We never leave this dear friend until he has passed the door." So Robert McDoo and Eleanor Gilbert were alone together once more.

When the others had left she looked at him uncertainly a moment, then she laughed.

"Well, fate—or shall we say the force?—seems to take an intimate interest in our affairs. The last time we met we both determined never to see each other again, and now"—she waved her hand in an expressive gesture—"suppose you come over here by the piano. It's awkward trying to talk across a big room like this."

He crossed the room and stood by the piano, looking down on her.

"Aren't they dear, good people?" she said earnestly. "And don't they make you feel mean and small? They always do me. I know. Or," she added, with the irritating uplift of her brow, "do you ever feel small and mean?"

"I admit their goodness." She saw that for some reason his temper was slipping its leash. She took a keen delight in her power to anger him. Daringly she tried to torment him further. "Do you know," she leaned forward on the music rack, resting her chin on her folded hands and smiling up at him, "I'm almost tempted never to quarrel with you again."

"I don't want peace with you!" he cried roughly.

"No," she laughed, "I know you don't. That's one good reason why I should yield to temptation. But I'm not sure that I want to quarrel with you, aside from that. The last twenty-four hours I've learned a good many things. I begin to think you're not half so black as you have been painted, Mr. McDoo."

"I don't want your good opinion. Stick to the old one. I'm all you thought me and more."

"Then do you dislike me merely because Mr. Remington cares, or thinks he cares, for me, or do you really hate me for myself?"

"Mrs. Gilbert, I really hate you for yourself."

"I knew it." Amusement was not written quite so plainly on her face as it had been. "Why?"

"That's the irony of it," he exclaimed bitterly. "I hate you because you are beautiful, because you are witty, because you have courage, because you are the only person I have ever met that I'm not a match for, because you have forced me to change my plans. I hated you when I first saw you and saved your life. Mrs. Gilbert, I hate you so thoroughly that I have come to this decision—either Paul Remington gives you up or he gives me up. If he marries you he goes out of my life once and for all. Now you may gloat," he sneered. "I deserve to have you know the truth. It's my just punishment for not being able to beat a woman."

"How you must hate me! I don't understand it. What you say almost makes you contemptible. Surely you can't mean that merely because your petty, childish vanity is hurt you are willing to sacrifice not only my possible happiness, which, of course, does not count, but also the happiness of a man you have called friend. Surely you're not so small and weak as that!"

Then his anger slipped its leash entirely. The red veil that had come before his eyes when he fought Haggin fell again. He was obsessed by a savage lust to hurt the woman before him, to deal her a blow that she would feel to the uttermost. His words fell slowly, cuttingly, with cruel distinctness.

"Oh, for that I have all the justification I need. You're not to be trusted with him. You're beautiful. You're the sort that has power over men. You have power over me. Seeing you sets me on fire with wild, insane longings. I have to keep my hate boiling or I go mad. What am I saying? It's true or love you?" He laughed harshly, wildly. "And the weaker the man the greater your power. I know your history, Mrs. Gilbert. You had one weakness under your influence and you let him go to hell without lifting a finger to save him."

Even in his savage anger Bob was startled by the effect of his cruel words. She turned white and shrank back as from a heavy physical blow. She drew a long, shuddering breath.

"Oh," she gasped, "I didn't believe you could be so cruel. I didn't believe you could be so cruel."

Slowly, unable to take her eyes from his, she rose and started uncertainly toward the door. She stumbled over a chair and would have fallen had he not caught her. She pushed herself away from him, shuddering.

"Don't touch me; don't touch me!" He watched her, hardly able to comprehend the completeness of his brutality's triumph or the startling change in the woman who had mocked him so often until she passed out of the room. And as she went from his sight the sweetness of his savage joy turned to bitterness in his mouth—left him to face the supreme fact of his life.

A minute later, mechanically, ashamed and humbled by his own cruelty, he followed her into the hall. But she had gone upstairs to her room. Seizing his hat and coat, without waiting to put them on or to say good-bye to Dunmeade, he strode out into the night.

The mansion had been some time sunk in the midnight quiet when Mrs. Dunmeade, troubled by Eleanor's non-appearance, tiptoed softly along the hall to her guest's bedchamber. Eleanor was in bed, her bright hair straying loosely over the pillow. She was staring hopelessly at the flickering gas jets. Mrs. Dunmeade saw no traces of tears.

She seated herself on the bedside. "My dear," she said gently, leaning over to stroke the pretty hair, "will you tell me what is the matter?"

Eleanor restively moved her head away from the caress. "Don't pet me," she said bitterly. "I'm not a child, but a woman nearly twenty-seven years old, who has just been told she is responsible for the shameful life and death of her husband."

"Oh," Mrs. Dunmeade cried in shocked surprise, "did he taunt you with that? My dear, don't take it to heart. We all know you were the one sinned against."

"Yes, that was one of my pretty fancies, too," Eleanor said in the same bitter tone, "until tonight, when he opened my eyes. What he said was true. That's why it hurt. I let Leonard Gilbert go to hell and didn't lift a finger to save him. Only," she added wearily, "I would rather have heard it from any one but him."

"It is asking a good deal to ask you to forgive him; but, dear, I think he is suffering from some cause. Some day he will be sorry. He is a man who hasn't yet found himself," she concluded gently. "But when he does find himself he will be a vastly different man, and he will bring happiness to many."

Eleanor shook her head listlessly. "But not to me. He despises me, and he will never relent. But I have no resentment." The slow flush crept into her cheeks, and she put her arm over her eyes that Mrs. Dunmeade might not look into them.

Mrs. Dunmeade bent over impulsively and put her arms around her. "My dear child," she whispered understandingly, "has it come to you at last—and so?"

Eleanor suffered the caress for a minute and then gently released herself. "Won't you please go away? I would rather be by myself," she said wearily.

Years before a young girl, bruised under the ruthless heel of Bob McDoo, had watched the night out. That

night in the governor's mansion his story repeated itself.

## CHAPTER XVIII. THE FIVE AT WORK.

BOB returned to treat the city to a whirlwind campaign such as it had never known.

No detail of the campaign was too insignificant to receive his attention. It was Bob's changed manner toward men that amazed Haggin.

"Dashed if you ain't gettin' to be a regular mixer," he grinned one morning as Bob and he walked home from headquarters together. "You got Paul skinned now. What's got into you?"

"God knows," Bob answered with a hard laugh.

"Well, maybe he does," Haggin said philosophically. "What I know is you're goin' to give Mac the all-firedest lickin' he ever got."

Could it have been Bob who made the answer? "No, no, Tom! You and I have deluded ourselves with that notion long enough. Not I, but the people, are going to whip MacPherson."

Haggin snorted in profound disgust. "Aw, g'wan! You talk like Paul in his speeches. They're goin' to do it for you. Guess that means you're doin' it."

"Bah! Why should they do it for me?"

Haggin's brow puckered over the problem. "I know, but I dunno how to say it. If the people do it all, what are you workin' so hard for, half killin' yourself? Even you can't stand the pace you're settin'."

"You can't understand," Bob growled helplessly. "I've got to."

It was quite true what Haggin suggested. The strain was telling even on Bob's strength. But feverish activity was a necessity to him to deaden all thought of the thing that haunted him—the face of a woman whom he had brutally struck down in his wild anger.

But his work told. The city was in a turmoil of political excitement. The press reveled in the opportunity, bristling with charges and countercharges, insinuation and recrimination. At the club, over lunch counters, by the fire-side, men and women, too-discussed and took sides over the campaign. The children on the streets became bitter partisans.

To the Steel City the issues took concrete form in the person and name of one man, Bob McDoo. Either you were for or you were against Bob McDoo; mostly you were for him.

One noonday—not two weeks before the election—Bob leaned back in his chair with an air of fatigue that sat strangely on his stalwart figure and let his eyes stare vacantly into space. While he sat thus abstractedly Paul entered. Bob nodded mechanically.

Paul addressed a remark to him, which did not pierce the abstraction. Bob made no answer. Then Paul noticed the absent manner. He repeated the remark more loudly. Bob came to himself with a start.

"Eh?" he exclaimed. "Oh, it's you, Paul."

Paul looked at him curiously. "What's the matter with you anyhow? I said I've a tip on Consolidated Glass."

"Which way?" Bob asked, without interest.

"To buy."

"All right. Sell."

"No," Paul said eagerly. "This is a good tip. I got it from Brown, Hartley's broker. Hartley, you know, is a director. Next week they're going to declare a 4 per cent increase in dividends."

"Humph! The broker who will double cross his client will do the same to you."

"But I tell you it's a good tip," and Paul pounded the table in his earnestness. "I want to raise \$25,000 or so for it. I can treble the money in a week."

Bob smiled tolerantly, as though Paul had been a child asking for an expensive but useless toy. "What do you want with so much money?"

"Oh, I'm serious about this, Bob. Will you lend me the money?"

Bob did not answer at once. In the gray hollows the red felled eyes gleamed with a hot, fierce light. "Why not? Why not add one more link to the chain of obligations by which he would break the hold of—"

The noonday sun was streaming in through the shadeless windows, yet Bob was seeing again the face of the stricken woman as he had sleepily looked upon it through the small hours of that morning, accusing, fearing, appealing. When he spoke Paul hardly knew the voice, so constrained and quivering was it.

"I can't do it."

"Why not?"

## MEXICAN CITRUS FRUIT CO.

Logan, Utah.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the stockholders held on the 26th day of October, 1911, an assessment of ten dollars per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation, payable December 1, 1911, to the secretary of the corporation at his office at Logan, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment may remain unpaid on the 1st day of December, 1911, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 20th day of December, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expense of sale.

Secretary, 6 W. Center St., H. BULLEN, JR., Logan, Utah.

Bob's words came uncertainly. "I can't afford it. I need every cent that isn't tied up for the campaign."

"You could go on my paper."

Bob shook his head. "No, not on an uncertainty."

Paul said nothing. Then he rose, drawing a long whistling breath and without another word went out.

Bob stared in troubled perplexity at the door, which Paul had neglected to



"WILL YOU LEND ME THE MONEY?"

close. He did not know that he spoke aloud in the same constrained, quivering voice.

"What is it? I can't use the weapons I have. The game has passed out of my hands. And he's not worth the trouble he causes. He's not worth what I offer. He's not worth—her. I'm not worth—her."

Paul went out into the streets disappointed, hurt, almost bitter against Bob. Poor Paul! He could not know that Bob, swayed by a new born shame and self distrust—yes, self distrust—had refused the loan only that he might never be tempted to use the obligation as a club.

And that day fate—Murchell would have said the force—busily interested in a greater than Paul, led him into dangerous paths. For when he reached the streets his aimless tramping guided him past the First National bank, which, as all the city knows, is controlled by the Sanger interests. And fate most at that very moment brought Henry Sanger, Jr.'s, automobile to a stop in front of the bank. Sanger stepped out and, seeing Paul, paused long enough for a genial word and handshake before he entered the bank. Paul walked a few blocks farther before the recollection of a certain promise brought him to a sudden halt. "If ever I can do anything for you personally let me know," Sanger had said heartily.

So he walked back to the bank and into the director's room, where sat Sanger. Sanger greeted Paul with a pleased surprise very flattering to our susceptible friend.

"Anything I can do for you, Remington? Sorry, but I've got to leave in a few minutes."

"Well," Paul answered hesitatingly. "If it's none of my business say so. I got a tip last night to buy Consolidated Glass. What do you think of it?"

Sanger smoked reflectively for a minute. "Can I depend on you to let what I say go no further?"

"Certainly."

"It's a good tip. Go in on it to the limit. You're safe."

Paul laughed rather shamefacedly. "I'm going to, but my limit isn't very big—about twenty-five hundred."

"Why don't you borrow and plunge?"

Paul laughed again, this time sharply. "My credit doesn't seem very good. I tried it in one place I thought was sure, but it did no good."

Sanger sent three beautiful smoke rings into the air thoughtfully. Paul had not said whom he had asked for the loan, but Sanger thought he could guess. Then he whirled sharply in his chair.

"How much did you want?"

"I asked for twenty-five thousand."

"Absurd on a deal like this. Make it fifty," Sanger said heartily.

"Do you mean?"—Paul began delightedly.

"Certainly I mean it," Sanger responded energetically. "I'm going to instruct my broker to buy 5,000 shares for you. Leave it to me," he added smilingly, "and if you're not considerably richer a week from today you don't owe me a cent. I appreciate your coming to me. Drop in and see me any time. Good afternoon." And he held out a cordial hand to Paul, who took it and went out, thinking bitterly.

"It seems that an enemy can be more generous than a friend sometimes."

That night Bob was scheduled to speak in the Fourth ward. And all Irishtown had made ready. Well Haggin knew that no mere schoolhouse auditorium would be ample for this occasion. So a great, bare hall was hired. Flags and bunting galore had been secured at Haggin's expense and hung around the walls and ceiling more profusely, perhaps, than artistically.

To Be Continued.

To Freshen Gas Mantle. Carbon deposits which blacken a gas mantle can be removed by burning a little common salt on the burner.

## 'Let's go to Maxim's

Where fun and frolic  
Beams."

Business Men's Lunch

11 to 2 40c.

Table D'Hotel Dinner

5 to 8:30 \$1.00

Under Kenyon Hotel

Salt Lake City

E. L. Wile, Manager

For real live news you will have to read the Republican.

## DIRECTORY TO THE FARMERS

Bring your HIDES, FURS and BEESWAX to the reliable firm, THE LOGAN HIDE AND JUNK CO., of Logan Utah, where you get the Highest Price.

We pay 5 1/2 cents per pound for old rubbers.  
6 cents per pound for old metals.  
50 cents per 100 pounds for cast iron.

Don't forget the place, 146 South Main, Logan, Utah. Tel. 62. Don't give away to Peddlers.

## FRED W. CROCKETT

Attorney and Counselor

At Law

Suits 3 and 4 Cardon Jewelry

Building, 41 North Main St.

Logan, - - Utah

## Tremont Hotel

56 East Center, Logan, Utah.

Mrs. H. Steadman, Prop.

Refurnished and Renovated  
Throughout

RATES:

\$1.50 to \$2.00 Per Day

Rooms 50c. to 75c.

Special Rates to Students

## ENGLISH WOOLEN MILLS

TAILOR MADE CLOTHES

ARE RECOGNIZED WHEREVER MEN CONGREGATE, AS THE CLOTHES BEAUTIFUL OF THE CLOTHING WORLD. THEY CARRY THE STAMP OF ELEGANCE, DISTINCTION AND REFINEMENT.

They are the Standard of Fashion  
For Gentlemen

NEW MODELS FOR THE COLLEGE CHAP OR THE ELDERLY MAN OF AFFAIRS, FOR THE BANKER, LAWYER, DOCTOR, MERCHANT, CLERKS OR RURAL GENTLEMEN. 20 TO 30 SUIT OR OVERCOAT MADE TO YOUR MEASURE FOR \$15 TO \$18. LADIES' AND GENTLE MEN'S UP-TO-DATE TAILORING.

46 West First North

## John Thomas

MERCHANT TAILOR

Special Rates For Students

All Work Guaranteed First-Class

Cleaning And Repairing a Specialty

## James C. Walters

Attorney-At-Law

Union Block, 75 North Main St.

## J. C. Mathews

Painter, Decorator, and

Paperhanger

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

Residence 45 East Fourth North

Tel. 501X.

## CHICHESTER'S

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies!